

CALLED MOTHER; CUT HIS THROAT

"Good-By, Not Good-Night,"
Said Despondent Clerk, and
While Sisters and Parent
Looked On, Tried to Die.

WAS SHAVING WHEN
HE CONCLUDED TO END IT.

Lost So Much Blood Before Am-
bulance Surgeon Arrived that
His Attempt Probably Will Be
Successful.

Daniel M. Langstaff is lying in the
Cumberland Street Hospital, Brooklyn.
His throat is slit from ear to ear.

Langstaff was a grocery clerk. He is
thirty years old and lived with his
mother and sisters at No. 555 Carlton
avenue, Brooklyn. He has not had a
position in some time and could not see
that the future held anything for him.

He was more despondent than usual
last night. He sat shaving in the din-
ing-room when his mother and sisters
left him to retire. They had not reached
their bedrooms when a call from Lang-
staff brought them back.

He had finished his shaving, but sat
with his razor in his hand.
"I said good-night," he said to his
mother and sisters, "but I meant good-
bye. I am weary of the struggle and
don't intend to be a burden any longer."

The despondent clerk then drew the
keen edge of the razor across his
throat, and as the blood gushed from
the wound his mother fell to the floor
in a swoon.

His sisters rushed screaming into the
street and their cries soon brought
a policeman to the house. An am-
bulance surgeon was summoned, but
before he arrived Langstaff had lost
so much blood that the surgeon said
that it would be almost impossible to
save his life.

At the hospital it was said that he
would surely die.

PUMPED OUT LEAD, PULLED IN GOLD

Six Men Fired Revolvers in Sa-
loon, While One Emptied Cash
Register of Contents—Bar-
keeper Ducked Behind Bar.

Proceedings in Yorkville Police Court
today brought to light a new East
side "gang" and a new method of get-
ting the contents of a saloon cash regis-
ter.

Michael McCarron, of No. 337 East
Thirtieth street, was arraigned by De-
tectives Tobin and Gallagher, of the
East Fifth street station, on a charge
of stealing \$35 and a lot of cigars and
cigarettes from Newrod's saloon at
Twelfth street and Fifth avenue.

The detectives produced Louis Berg,
Newrod's bartender, who said that Mc-
Carron and six other members of the
"Humpty" Jackson gang, entered the
place shortly before 1 o'clock to-day.
They ordered drinks and got into a
fight.

Every man drew a revolver and began
shooting. Berg retired to a position
under the bar, with his head buried in
a pile of bottles. When he made his
appearance again the saloon was empty,
so was the cash register and the cigar
case. The ceiling was full of bullet
holes.

Berg said he remembered seeing Mc-
Carron jump over the bar when the
hosting began, and he was held in \$1,000
bail for a hearing Friday.

The detectives told the Magistrate that
during a fake pistol fight in a saloon
and robbing the till while the bartender
is hiding is a new scheme of tough
"gangs."

**BIRTHDAY VISIT
ENDED IN DEATH**
Fred C. Johnson, Who Came to
See His Uncle, Asphyxiated
by Gas from a Heater in His
Room.

Fred C. Johnson, eighteen years old,
died to-day, having been accidentally
asphyxiated by illuminating gas. He
came down from Shelter Island yester-
day to spend his birthday with his
uncle, Henry T. Haven, a commission
merchant, of No. 56 West street.
There was trouble with the gas in the
house where young Johnson was stop-
ping, No. 31 Irving place, and a plumber
had been called in to attend to it.
Johnson retired early last night. In
the room was a stove used for heating
purposes. The cock of this was turned
on this morning. Mrs. Haven detected
an odor of gas coming from the room
and opened the door. She found the
boy unconscious.

Dr. G. W. Athley, of No. 124 East
sixteenth street, was hastily summoned.
He worked on the boy for an hour and
a half, but all his efforts proved futile.

DRIVER FRACTURES SKULL.
Knocked from Seat of Wagon by
Electric Car.

John D. Anlon, forty years old, of No.
4 West thirty-fifth street, was driving
with a load of coal from Sixth avenue
at Forty-seventh street to-day when the
wagon was struck ignitely by a north-
bound Sixth avenue electric car.
Bummed with cold, Denison was un-
able to withstand the shock and fell to
the pavement, striking on his head. Pa-
trrolman Knapshire, of the West Forty-
seventh street police station, sent the
injured man to Roosevelt Hospital. His
skull is fractured and his recovery
doubtful.

HOW "MY LADY MOLLY'S" CHARACTERS IMPRESSED THEMSELVES ON CARTOONIST HARMONY.



VESTA TILLEY AS AN IMPROMPTU ALGY.

FARNUM SHINES IN "THE VIRGINIAN"

As the Hero of Owen Wister's
Play He Brings the Breezy
Freshness of the Far West to
Broadway.

"It is the West, ma'am!"
The phrase spoken by Dustin Far-
num, runs through the four acts of
"The Virginian," a play adapted from
Owen Wister's successful novel by
the author and Kirtle La Shelle, and
produced for the first time in New
York at the Manhattan Theatre last
night.

And, sure enough, it was the West—
for the play brought into the glaring
Broadway atmosphere the very spirit
of the plains, the sweep of unfelled
forests and the cool breath of moun-
tains.

Perhaps all these things have come
to New York before, but not since
"Arizona" has so fine a play of West-
ern life as "The Virginian" been seen
along Broadway.

And, oh! matinee girls, forswear your
false gods of the padded shoulder and
the cold, gray droop of the morning-
after eye, and henceforth worship at
the shrine of Dustin Farnum, as splen-
did a specimen of physical manhood
as ever came east of the Mississippi
River and as fine an actor as ever
went west of it.

Perhaps there is no such person as
Dustin Farnum, and the Virginian
presented last night at the Man-
hattan Theatre is by some hypo-
totic power of the book's author com-
pelled to leave his firm cloth covers
and nightly masquerade for the bene-
fit of New York theatre-goers.

However this may be, in the Vir-
ginian cowboy's life, from his rescue
of the little schoolma'am heroine and
his mischievous mixing up of the
babes in the first act, through his
heroic participation in the lynching
of his former friend, hunted to the
cattle-stealers' mountain den, and his
final shooting of the villain, every-
thing became him but the ending of it.

Surely the author might have devised
a better reward for so much heroism
than the hand of the hopelessly insane
heroine, as presented by Miss Agnes
Archie.

Indeed, the lack of feminine talent
in the entire cast made one think that
the play might have had a better pro-
duction if Adam had been left his
original quota of ribs.

But if comparison must be made it
is fair to say that Mrs. Hewle (Mattie
Earl), the mother of the twins, made
the most of her role.

The men of the supporting cast were
uniformly excellent, and in his suc-
cessful presentation of cowboy character,
the Virginian's friend, whom the villain
Trampas lures to dishonor, and the cat-
tle thief's death, is second only to the
star. Trampas, played by Frank Cam-
eron, was so realistic and convincing
a villain that even a Broadway audience
might be pardoned for hissing him, and
indeed all the cowboy parts were ex-
ceedingly well handled.

The management probably knows at-
ready that the introductory portion of
the first act drags and that there would
be less chance of having the impres-
sive silences of the many emotional mo-
ments of the play spoiled by coughs
and wheezes produced by the painful
influenza, as happened last night, if the
audience were provided with throat lozenges or other cough drops.

**FIREMAN'S FAMILY
OVERCOME BY GAS**

When Victor Coakley, of Fire Engine
Company No. 148, stationed in Flatbush,
went to his home, at No. 243 Baltic
street, Brooklyn, to-day for breakfast,
he found his wife and two children in
bed unconscious from asphyxiation.
Raising the window and letting in
the cold air, Coakley soon revived his
wife and his boy, William, two years
old, but efforts to revive Anna, the
three-months-old daughter, failed, and
she died before a doctor could be called.
On retiring last night Mrs. Coakley
had left the gas burning in a small
heating stove in the room. It is believed
that the intense cold blocked the flow
of gas in the pipes and extinguished
the flame and that later the gas flowed
freely and, escaping through the un-
lighted heater, filled the room.

"MY LADY MOLLY" AIDED BY "ALGY"

"Piccadilly Johnny with the Little
Glawss Eye" Helps Along
Nice but Slow Lady from
London.

Gallant, natty little "Algy" helped
along "My Lady Molly," at Daly's last
night.

What "Algy"?
Why, there's only one, Vesta Tilley's,
of course.

Like a great many other ladies, "Lady
Molly" was a trifle slow. Just about the
time a sneaking suspicion of this settled
into a conviction, "Algy" was trotted
out and gave "Lady Molly" the biggest
lift of the evening.

Miss Tilley had sung two other
characteristic songs, abruptly inter-
polated. One was about love not waiting
to knock, but walking right in and tak-
ing a seat in the parlor; and the other
was "Go Back to Work," believed to be
dedicated to the United Labor Union.

Then came calls for "Algy" and
"Algy" came, after Miss Tilley had
made deprecatory but useless gestures
at her white silk knickerbockers, in plea
that she couldn't look the part.

However, some thoughtful person was
standing in the wings with a tall hat,
a monocle and a stick, and soon "The
Piccadilly Johnny with the little glawss
eye" was very much among those pres-
ent.

For the time being, "Algy" made the
audience completely forget "My Lady
Molly."

Not that her ladyship, brought over
from London by Charles Frohman, was
wholly uninteresting. To the contrary,
Sydney Jones has provided some very
pretty music and there are several
American librettists who care to work
with G. H. Jessop has done in this case
some little less than touching, and the
costumes and scenes are quite and pretty.

What the piece lacks principally is
the "life-ginger"—"go." It is an old-
fashioned operetta, moving at an old-
fashioned gait.

It was more engaging and
entertaining in the few minutes she
was her old "Algy" self than in all the
two hours and a half she was Lady
Molly.

Adele Ritchie was supposed to be a
romantic young woman in love with a
tenor cavalier, who, in his street
clothes, is Ray Youngman. If he had
been the young man who handed out
carriage checks in front of the theatre,
Miss Ritchie couldn't have paid him
less attention. Her devotion to herself
was little less than touching. She was
what might be described as a pre-
occupied prima donna.

Richard P. Carroll was very good as
rollicking Micky O'Dowd, the part
which Andy Mack was to have played
here, and he was generously supplied
with witty, true Irish sayings.

Alice Judson, who, like Lady Molly,
jumped unaccountably into boy's
clothes, was a pretty figure, and Anna
Boyd made the most of her opportuni-
ties as a sprightly French governess.

If "My Lady Molly" hasn't done much
else, it has at least brought ever-
welcome Vesta Tilley to Broadway.

**COMMUTERS WERE
ALMOST FROZEN**

Tales of great suffering were told to-
day by passengers on the Harlem and
Hudson River trains which left the
Grand Central Station last night.
Hundreds of suburbanites who go to
and from New York to their homes
along the Hudson River expected to
catch the express which leaves the
station at 5:20 o'clock P. M., making
its first stop at White Plains. The
train, because of the snow-bound
tracks, did not leave until 7:15 o'clock.



SIDNEY DEANE AS
CAPT. HARRY ROMNEY.

COMMUTERS WERE ALMOST FROZEN

Trains of Cold Cars Leaving the
Grand Central Station Far
Behind Time and Delayed at
Many Points.

There were many tie-ups, the first
being at Yonkers Park, where three
freight trains were derailed. Until 10:15
p.m. the Hudson River trains were
delayed in the cold day coaches. Then a
Pullman coach was attached, and the
women and children were allowed to go
into it.

At 2:45 the train had got as far as
Pleasantville, and then the passengers,
dried, hinky and half frozen, were
made comfortable.

"We were so cold at times that I
thought we would freeze," said S. C.
Gliman, who lives at Pleasantville, and
who has an office at No. 134 West Twen-
ty-third street.

The railroad company is doing all in
its power to handle the suburban traffic,
but it is meeting with many difficulties
because of the snow-covered tracks.

**MORPHINE,
Opium and
Other Drug Habits,
CURED FREE.**
Many Cases Are Cured by
The Free Treatment.

We will gladly send a large test bottle
of this wonderful cure free, and patients
will derive a great benefit, even though
they do not continue with the treatment.

A noted physician writes to a brother
doctor: "It beats anything I have ever
seen in the way of therapy and Field of
Antidotes. I cured my brother easily
after exhausting all my skill, and that of
my colleagues in Europe. Too bad it is
not known to the medical world in gen-
eral."

Dr. CHARLES THOMPSON.
Another physician, well known
throughout the East, a few days ago
wrote as follows:

"I have given the Opium Habit years
of study in China, India and this coun-
try, and I will admit that I am a child
and novice in the presence of this
AMAZING medicine. Surely there must
be an astounding merit in a medicine
comparatively unknown, within a few
years, that could produce such good re-
sults."

OLCOTT IS NOW A BROADWAY STAR

There was plenty of enthusiasm for
Chauncey Olcott last night at the New
York Theatre. It was his first appear-
ance as a Broadway star, and he
twinkled in the same old way before
the same old crowd, and there was the
same profuse offering from adoring
feminine hands of violets and roses.
Then there was the same heroic, dar-
ing, Johnny-on-the-spot, gallant young
lady savior of the accepted Olcott type.

GRIP AND PNEUMONIA RAGE AGAIN

Business and Professional Worlds Crippled by the Insidious Winter
Visitor Born of Fogs and Changing Temperature.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY

Cures and Prevents Grip, Pneumonia, Consumption, Catarrh, Bron-
chitis, Asthma and All Run-Down, Weakened, Diseased Conditions.

New York is undergoing a siege of the
grip, more widespread than any in several
years. While the doctors say that a ma-
jority of the cases are lighter than in pre-
vious years there seems to be just as many,
if not more of them.

The Health Department reported twelve
deaths from grip last week, 100 per cent.
increase on the week before.

WHEN GRIP THRIVES.
"You will always find," said a leading
doctor, "that when a cold wave or a term
persons fearing grip."

HOW YOU MAY KNOW IF YOU HAVE GRIP AND HOW TO AVOID IT.

HAVE YOU—
Pains in the back?
A chill down your backbone?
Then an aching fever?
A running nose?
An intermittent headache?
Stiff and aching joints?
A lazy, sleepy feeling?
Eyes that feel swollen?
Then you have the grip.

TO DODGE THE GRIP—
Use Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey four
times a day in half glass of milk
or water.
Stay out of draughts.
Keep your feet warm and dry.
Beware of unventilated rooms and
cars.
Eat regularly.
Eat no fancy or fat things.
Sleep regularly.
—And you will dodge the grip.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is the only certain cure for grip, pneumonia, chills,
coughs, colds, influenza, catarrh, consumption, pleurisy, bronchitis, asthma and all throat
and lung troubles; indigestion, dyspepsia and diseases of stomach; nervousness, malaria
and all low fevers. Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey has carried the blessings of health into
hundreds of thousands of homes during the last fifty years. It is a promoter of health
and longevity—makes the old young and keeps the young strong.

CURES GRIP AND LEAVES NO BAD AFTER EFFECTS.

CAUTION—When you ask for
Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey be sure
you get the genuine. Unscrupulous
dealers, mindful of the excellence
of this preparation, will try to sell
you cheap imitations and malt
whiskey substitutes, which are put
on the market for profit only, and
which, far from relieving the sick,
are positively harmful. Demand
"Duffy's" and be sure you get it.
It is the only absolutely pure Malt
Whiskey which contains medi-
cinal, health-giving qualities.
Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is sold
in sealed bottles only; never in
flask or bulk. Look for the trade-
mark, the "Old Chemist," on the
label, and be certain the seal over
the cork is unbroken. Beware of
no fuses oil.
Sold by all druggists and grocers, or direct, \$1.00 a bottle. Interesting medical book-
let postpaid to any address. Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, New York.



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NEAR 6TH AV.

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THE sale of winter suits and
overcoats at \$11.75 is in full
bloom. Announced but a day
or so ago, the demand for these
suits and overcoats is steady and
continuous. Of course, it isn't an
everyday chance to get \$25, \$22,
\$20, \$18 or \$15 overcoats and
suits at \$11.75. But we've re-
duced the prices on several hun-
dred of these fine garments to

\$11.75

Better get in while they last—you may find
your size in a \$25 Suit or Overcoat. They
are all of this season's most popular
styles and fabrics.

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